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people. But he didn't seem to recognize anyone in particular, and once more he hung his head and stared down at his feet.

No one seemed to know quite what to do next, so I decided to get what advantage I could out of the situation and suggested to the Ukumateri that they should help carry our baggage as far as the Merevari—which would save us a whole day and night. Their chief—who needed no encouragement to show off his battle scars—agreed to this readily enough, and a few hours later the straggling caravan of the Guayza Expedition arrived on the Upper Merevari bank, near a malocca that the Soto Indians occasionally used.

VI

Long and laborious were our attempts to get the loan of three canoes. We had to start by doctoring all the invalids in the area: one of our patients was an old fellow with a terrible sore—evidence of Leishman's Disease—on the back of his hand. The fame of the riches we were carrying was soon spread by our guides, who were quite willing to bask in the reflected glory of it in front of the local people, but at the same time didn't want the Shirians to know too much. The Ukumateri served us well, like the good-natured, willing savages they were, but all they got out of it were two boxes of matches for the whole job: this being what they came along and asked for, after consulting with our own men. We were forced to buy two of the canoes we wanted, although we should only be using them for three days. The Makiritari were after our goods at all costs, and a loan didn't suit their purpose so well.

We were two days on the Merevari and one on the Yenecuni, the right-bank tributary stream whose upper reaches run very close to the Yevaraheri and therefore to the Amazon basin, there being no mountains to intervene. There was nothing of any great interest to record on this part of our journey, as far as the mouth of the Camacuni, a tributary flowing in on the right bank of the Yenecuni. Here there was a Makiritari hut, totally abandoned by its people. It was a big round hut, like Pancho's but better finished, its outer clay wall decorated with geometrical designs painted in red, based on the patterns of some of the basket-work. The canoe was a big one, and the tracks leading to it still clear and not overgrown. Pedro told us something about these inhabitants of the Camacuni region. From what we could make out, it seemed they

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